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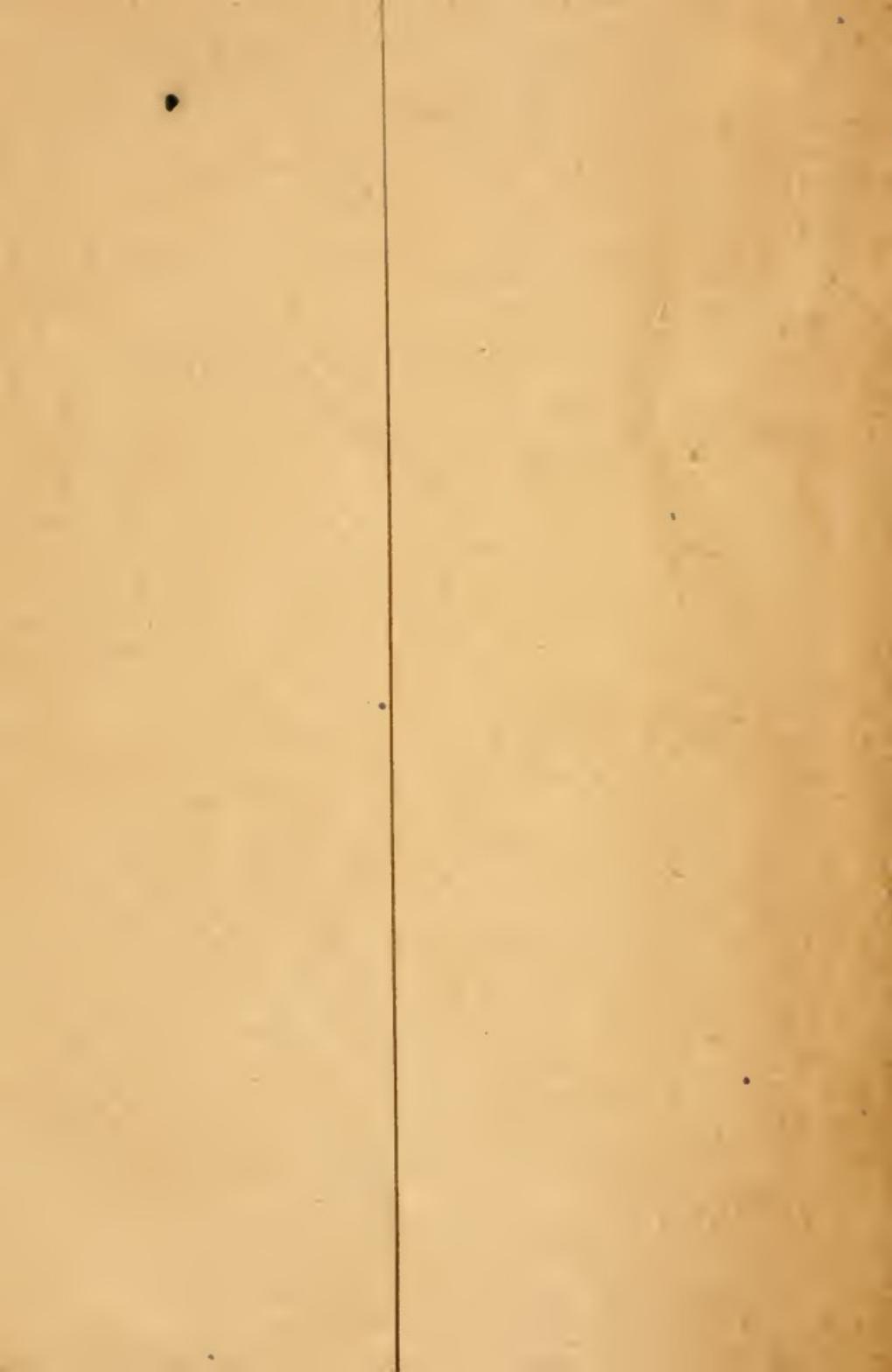
The  
GREENLEAF:THEATRE

*The Gilded Wreath*

BY

*CONSTANCE SMEDLEY*

SECOND EDITION



*GREENLEAF THEATRE PLAYS*

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THE

# Gilded Wreath

BY

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY



*ONE SHILLING NET*

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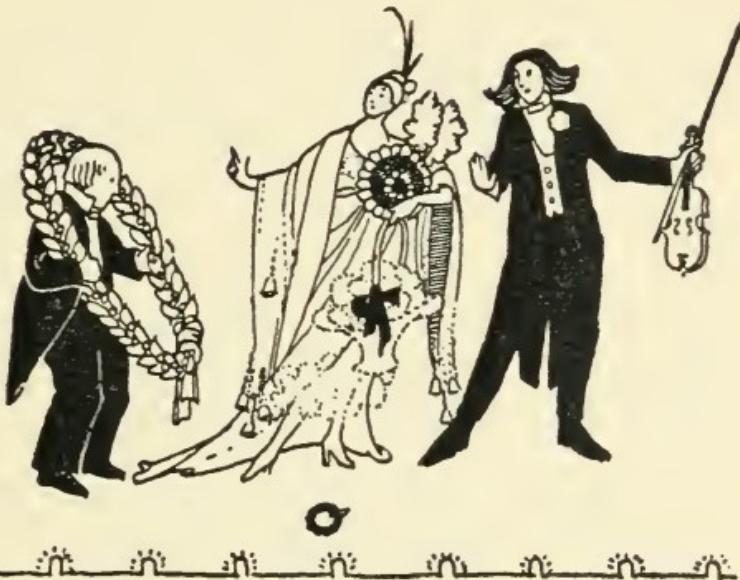
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## PROLOGUE.

We are now about to present The Gilded Wreath, an artless revelation of the world behind the scenes, which we hope will not prove too disillusioning to the innocent. There is one person whose point of view of fame has never been brought out : the individual who appears each night on every concert platform of distinction, and whose mission in life is to open the piano for someone else to play. Allow us to introduce him as he sits in his modest little den at the end of the corridor that leads to the artistes' room, and beyond to the stage and the audience. To-night, let *him* speak. What does *he* think of the gilded wreath of fame?

# THE GILDED WREATH



" For me this Golden whirligig "?

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THE  
Gilded Wreath



*A small white and grey anteroom, behind the scenes of a famous concert hall. Four coathooks hang along the wall, and to the left is a packing case from a fashionable florist's.*

*On the left hand side a door gives on to a passage leading to the stage.*

*A little old man, silvered and wrinkled, is meditating on a small stiff chair, at the right. He holds a little book. His baggy dress-suit once belonged to a portly and fashionable tenor, at a time when the last word in dress-suits was bright deep blue. His severe black stock however, redeems him from the charge of flippancy.*

THE PIANO ATTENDANT

(reading)

“ Dost thou not see  
The ant, the bee,  
The birds that sing,  
The herbs that spring,  
Together work  
And never shirk

## *THE GILDED WREATH*

---

Else would disperse  
The Universe.  
And wilt thou not,  
Perform thy lot?"  
So says Mar-cus  
Aurelius.  
Do what I can,  
As Piano Man!

*He closes book, lays hands on it, folded, and cocks his head to one side.*

Mere opening and shutting,  
And in its place putting  
The music that's played,  
Well, well, that's my trade!

*He places the book in his inner pocket and takes out a large old watch.*

It teaches me  
Philosophy.

*He rises and proceeds to unpack the case.*

No sweet bouquets  
Bestrew my ways.  
No loud Bray-vo  
As off I go.  
No shrill re-call,  
Yet I serve all,  
Appear each night,  
And set things right.

*As he bends over the packing case, prying off the lid...*

*A Youthful Violinist enters carrying his violin and bow, and advancing timidly, on tippy toes.*

# *THE GILDED WREATH*

---

## THE YOUTHFUL VIOLINIST

Behind the scenes!  
How much it means!  
Dare I presume—

(*begins to tune up.*)

## THE ATTENDANT

(*straightening up, severely*)

The artistes' room  
Is just down there  
And your place, sir.

## THE VIOLINIST

Please let me stay  
Here till I play.  
The artistes are  
So la-di-da,  
I feel a pup,  
And daren't tune up.

## THE ATTENDANT

Keep quiet, sir  
Or you'll incur  
The grave distress  
Of nervousness.

*He takes an armful of bouquets out of the packing case, and fluffs out the handsome ribbons.*

## THE VIOLINIST

How sweet a scent!  
Ah, flowers!

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE ATTENDANT

Meant  
For the array  
Of stars who'll play.

## THE VIOLINIST

They're sent up here?  
Why that is queer!  
Orpheus moved trees,  
And songs moved these  
From ladies' laps,  
Or hair perhaps,  
It seemed to me.  
But now I see  
The Public sends  
Flowers to its friends  
Before the treat  
Their ears doth greet.

## THE ATTENDANT

(leaving bouquets on case, and fetching chair  
which he places under the first coat-hook.)

You are a verdant green.  
The public sends no flowers  
Unless a cue is seen  
Waiting outside for hours!

*He waddles across to the case, and takes up  
a bouquet of purple and magenta orchids.*

## THE VIOLINIST

Yet sir, the hall is full.  
Rows of fine ladies sit  
And at their earrings pull,  
Or titivate a bit.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE ATTENDANT

*Climbing the chair and hanging bouquet on the coat-hook.*

You innocent young man  
Not one seat has been bought.  
Those dames who sit and fan  
As guests have here been brought.

## THE VIOLINIST

But placards are on view,  
And tickets are for sale.  
This is no private Do  
The papers tell the tale.

## THE ATTENDANT

*(confidentially, as he returns for the second bouquet.)*

A bluff is being called!  
These orchids strangely dyed  
With gold around them sprawled,  
Will no success decide.

*(He mounts the chair again beneath second coathook)*

They've been procured to please  
The artistes at great cost,  
Who have had handsome fees  
To make up for the Frost.

The stars will all be set,  
In constellation bright,  
Round Lady Margaret,  
The heroine of To-night!

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE VIOLINIST

(*puzzled*)

Round Lady Margaret?  
Is her voice then so rare,  
That every public pet  
Cannot with her compare?

## THE ATTENDANT

(*busily returning for third bouquet*)

Her voice is as the sigh  
Of gentle summer breeze.  
If you could get close by,  
Maybe it then would please.

## THE VIOLINIST

(*following Attendant as he carries the bouquet to the third coathook*)

But then, this hall enlarged,  
This audience, in rows?  
Although no price is charged,  
To hear, they will suppose!

## THE ATTENDANT

(*on chair*)

Oh no, they won't, oh no.  
They've only come to yawn,  
And criticise and go  
To sup with her till dawn.

Money can buy most things.  
A claque in evening dress,  
But this it never brings,  
A gen-u-ine success.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

If you've come here to play  
Thinking you'll make a hit  
You must not feel dismay  
If they don't clap a bit.

*He returns for the fourth bouquet.*

## THE VIOLINIST

(crosses R.)

But sir, I do not play  
For nothing but success,  
I strive to shed a ray  
Of joy, and folks to bless.

And with my fiddle make,  
Celestial harmony.

## THE ATTENDANT

(pausing to survey him)

It does make my heart ache  
Fellows like you to see.

## THE VIOLINIST

I studied very hard;  
Three weeks ago I met  
In my dingy little yard  
This Lady Margaret.

She was visiting a man  
Who oft to prison goes,  
I played, she heard, the plan  
To bring me out, arose.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE ATTENDANT

(*trotting on again to the fourth coathook and hanging the bouquet thereon.*)

Oh virginal young man  
I'm sure her heart is true!  
I'm sure her pretty plan  
Was to do good to you.

But her poor head is turned  
By flattery absurd  
Although so long she's learned  
Her voice can NOT be heard !

## THE VIOLINIST

(*crosses L.C.*)

But sir, she should be told  
If what you say is right.

## THE ATTENDANT

Ah, who will be so bold?

## THE VIOLINIST

Why, I will speak to-night.

## THE ATTENDANT

Ha ha, he he, ho ho!  
Excuse my laugh, but I—  
Know how far one can go,  
Amongst the great and high.

No friends the facts CAN tell,  
No critic speaks the truth,  
All of them love too well  
Her sweetness and her youth!

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

*He sets the stiff chair back in its original position.*

*Immense bouquets now decorate the coathooks, weird orchids looped with gold, white roses draped with silver tissue, pink and lilac berries wound with silver, and a sheaf of emerald lilies.*

*Both men stand back, as Lady Margaret enters hurriedly Left, the flurry of her entrance sending her midway between them. She is deliciously slim, young and angelic; a theatre-coat of Persian blue is wrapped about her; her flaxen hair aureoles a limpid forehead and eyes that are eternally wide open in complete acceptance of a world of toys.*

## LADY MARGARET

Where is the piano man?

Oh, there he is.

We can

Commence our victories.

Open the piano lid.

Set music free.

And bid

The singers follow thee.

Then when applause doth fill

Each hungry ear

You will

With the bouquets appear!

*The Piano Attendant trots off with shuffling gait, bowing, and rubbing his hands.*

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

Alas my youthful friend,  
Forgive the wrong.  
You end  
A programme that's too long!

*She kneels on the little stiff chair, one frail little hand on the back, gazing up at the Violinist, pitifully.*

## THE VIOLINIST

Oh lady fair, pray do not deem  
Me bold to speak on such a theme,  
But I would hear, I must confess,  
Why you are anxious for success?

## LADY MARGARET

*(subsiding on to chair, and resting her chin on her clasped hands, sweetly)*

Certainly, sir. I can't endure  
To be called "merely amateur"  
Or as professionals prefer  
To put it, 'merely amateur.'

## THE VIOLINIST

But amateurs all artists be.  
Amat: he loves: his harmony.

## LADY MARGARET

To love, alas, is not enough.  
One has to practise, oh, such stuff.

*She twists round in her chair, with a shiver.*

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE VIOLINIST

But what we love, it doth not tease  
To practise, but doth greatly please.  
Run, scale, and trill fresh beauties  
show  
As up and down, the fresh notes go.

## LADY MARGARET

*Shivering and clasping her hands pathetically.*

I beg you, do not mention trill.  
The very word makes me feel ill.  
The only thing that keeps me to it,  
Is, How they'll clap when I get  
through it!

## THE VIOLINIST

But if you don't like singing, why  
Appear upon a platform high?

## LADY MARGARET

*Rising with exquisite dignity*

Because I have a goal, no less  
Than to achieve a great success.  
Then if I were WELLKNOWN. I  
might  
Bring unknown genius, to light.  
A word from me, to make a name!  
Ah, that is better far than fame.

## THE VIOLINIST

But can success be given, like that?

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## LADY MARGARET

Oh yes, I well know what I'm at.  
The greatest genius can't dispense  
With being helped by Influence.  
When artists seek my helping hand,  
I shall be kind, and—understand!

## THE VIOLINIST

Madam, I think it is your plan  
To take the place of God to man.

## LADY MARGARET

(struck with the idea, hands daintily up)

That would be nice. I'd love that.

Yes,

But first I must win my success.

(Sighs and droops again on to the chair,  
with parted lips voicelessly muttering Mi, Mi,  
Mi or the latest fashionable watchword)  
Enter very rapidly, with small shuffling steps,  
the ATTENDANT. He mutters to himself  
as he runs to the first coathook and takes  
down the bouquet, then hurries back and  
out, rather like the White Rabbit in Alice in  
Wonderland.

## THE ATTENDANT

The Public may want  
The Bee and the Ant  
But they certainly don't  
The artists in front.  
I fear no recall

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

Will be given at all  
And these flowers, in that gloom  
Will suggest but—the tomb!

*He disappears, running.*

LADY MARGARET  
*who has risen, all concern.*

Oh quickly let me cheer them.  
Poor Miss Hesperia Jones.  
To triumph I will steer them.  
A friendly word atones.

(*She is taking cards and gilt pencil from a shimmery little bag*)

(writing)

'Your voice is like the—dewdrops!'  
*She sticks card into second bouquet.*

(writing)

'You do look such a dear!'  
*She puts card into third bouquet, looks at name on fourth, and throws up hands in horror.*

Dismay! The line at you stops.

(*To the Violinist*)

No flowers for you are here.

## THE VIOLINIST

Au contraire!  
I can spare  
Flowers for you.

(*He crosses R, facing the bouquets and as he speaks, illustrates his meaning with a fantastic obligato*)

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

I can strew  
All the room  
With perfume.

(he pantomimes playing)

Transport your thought  
To bowers of flowers.

(His voice becomes richer, deeper)  
*Softly, and pizzicato.*

Polyanthuses pink  
Their little eyes wink.  
The nodding narcissus,  
Calls out, Come and kiss us!

*Swelling languorously*

Those sillies,  
Lent Lillies,  
Swoon, sighing!  
Defying

*Gaily, loud*

The jocular  
Auricula  
That laughs beside

*Pompously*

THE London Pride.

*Allegretto*

Your heart I will fill,  
Their sweets I'll distil  
Into sparkle and shine  
And dazzle divine  
Till I've done  
Making fun.

# *THE GILDED WREATH*

---

*He turns to her, with a low bow, laughing.  
She is now sitting on the packing-case,  
her hands behind her, staring at him as at  
a Magician.*

## LADY MARGARET

But who taught you to play  
In that won-derful way?

## THE VIOLINIST

There's a garden I know  
Where the winds always blow.  
It lies on the hills  
And the flowers always move.  
It's their rhythm that fills  
My heart with such love.

## LADY MARGARET

*Sitting up very stiffly on the edge of packing-case.*

I have been taught my *lungs* to fill,  
Until control-led at my will  
Is head, and throat, and chest: each  
part  
That makes a note: but not my  
heart!  
Tucked in  
My chin.

*(she attempts to place it)*

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

Yet free  
Must be!  
To essay  
High A.

(after some effort, achieves a squeak)

## THE VIOLINIST

But song comes with ease.

## LADY MARGARET

(leaning back, exhausted and fanning herself with a foolish little handkerchief)

No, no, a great task!

## THE VIOLINIST

The birds, in the trees,  
The wandering bees—

## LADY MARGARET

(sitting up again, with new vigor)

Give joy as we bask:  
But for efforts like these—

(after more chinplacing, squeaks again)

Applause we must ask.

(Lies back, again exhausted)

The Attendant once more appears, running even more rapidly; his brow is furrowed, his eyes see nothing but his objective, his mouth works and mutters as he heads for the second, third and fourth bouquets and runs out with them.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE ATTENDANT

Never did I see  
The Ant, or the Bee  
So hurried as I.  
With trophies I fly  
To present the artiste  
Ere this clapping has ceased,  
I must NOT get perplexed.  
Lady Margaret, NEXT!

(*He disappears*)

## LADY MARGARET

(*Rising with a little shriek*)

Oh dear, I shall die.

(*She hurriedly divests herself of the Persian blue coat, disclosing diaphanous and glittering fabrics*)

So nervous am I.

I shall never breathe right.

(*Hastily powders her nose*)

I am getting stage-fright.

*She remains with her powder puff agonisedly applied, muttering Mi, mi, mi, and occasionally feeling her pretty throat. As he speaks following her, she flies with little rushes, round the stage.*

## THE VIOLINIST

My pretty dear,  
Forget your fear.  
Praise, rejoice,  
Then your voice

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

Will flow free,  
Easily.  
Think of caves  
Brimming full,  
Liquid waves  
Splashing cool,  
Clouds that fleet  
O'er the blue,  
Dancing feet,  
Me—and you.

### LADY MARGARET

But my song is a strain  
Of yearning and pain.  
A love-song. You know!  
For they always go.

### THE VIOLINIST

If you *could* love! That's all!  
If you only cou'd fall  
For the people in rows,  
Every usher that goes  
With the programmes—

### LADY MARGARET

*Such* folk?

### THE VIOLINIST

I'm not talking in joke.  
I mean it. Love us!

### LADY MARGARET

How ri-di-cu-lous!

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

(She breathes deeply, in rhythm, for the space of two lines.)

Of my voice I must think.

(She breathes again)

Oh I must have a drink.  
What—What's that you said?  
Love—love—oh, my head.

## THE VIOLINIST

Fear makes your throat dry.

## LADY MARGARET

And love makes me sing high  
And my voice will improve.  
Oh, where's someone to love?

*As she glances wildly to the door, the Attendant runs in, his hands clenched, his brow dark, his lips muttering.*

## THE ATTENDANT

The Bee and the Ant  
Would most certainly pant  
If they so had to run.  
Not one clapped, not one!  
The stage waits, Miss.

(He pauses C.)

## LADY MARGARET

(tearing flowers from her corsage)

Here!  
These flowers! Take them, dear!

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

(She deposits them in the Attendant's bewildered hands)

And thanks from my heart  
For the strength you'll impart.  
Oh may these flowers prove  
The wealth of my love  
And move me to sing  
Like—like anything!

(She rushes off wildly, her music extended in an agonised way before her)

## THE ATTENDANT

What? Flowers for me? Flowers for the Piano Man?

(He goes slowly, as if exhausted to the chair)

Let me my oozing forehead gently fan.

(He sits, the flowers in one hand, fanning with the other.)

I thought that I should have to die  
Before flowers came to such as I!  
Pushed here and there and everywhere,  
Standing where there's an inch to spare!

For me? Why, am I part of, then  
The show, like other gentlemen?

(He carefully arranges flowers in his coat)  
Has she included me? Then I'll make free  
To include her in my philosophy.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

With Ant, and Bee, and me, she  
shall be placed  
To benefit a world, she's only  
graced.

## THE VIOLINIST.

Each one a note, and equally  
Of use in the world's symphony!  
Let Lady Margaret once see,  
Her muffled voice shall ring out free  
As when you lift the pianolid—

## THE ATTENDANT.

No shout sir in her throat is hid.  
Not in a sudden flash will she be finding  
The solemn truths that you and I  
are minding

*He sighs deeply and sniffs the flowers; then sneezes daintily like a cat.*

## THE VIOLINIST.

With sudden rent, the temple's veil  
was torn.  
So may the gift of song in her be  
born.

## THE ATTENDANT.

I rather feel, though quiet word  
The truth dawns that we are absurd.  
The tinkle of drops  
On granite rocks  
Wears holes in time,  
Like feet in socks,

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

(*the Violinist paces in rhythm, to door L.*)

As step by step  
We onward go.  
So doth the soul  
Awaken: slow!

THE VIOLINIST.

Piano Man, pause.  
What is it we hear?

THE ATTENDANT.

(*going to door L and listening*).  
The hollow applause  
That to her is dear.

THE VIOLINIST.

Does she call that success?

THE ATTENDANT.

That she'll certainly do.

THE VIOLINIST.

It will cause her distress  
If I don't applaud too.

THE ATTENDANT.

Oh she does need a friend!  
(listens: they pause for 8 beats)

THE VIOLINIST.

Is she singing or not?  
(listens: they pause for 8 beats)

# *THE GILDED WREATH*

---

## THE ATTENDANT.

It has come to an end  
All the voice she has got.  
She's here, sir.

(*Backs from door*).

## THE VIOLINIST.

(*clapping excitedly*).

Bravo!

## THE ATTENDANT.

*retreating to further side of stage.*

It's correct for a star  
To say Bravissimo.  
It gives more eclat.

*Lady Margaret enters flushed and radiant, laden with baskets, bouquets and a bunch of violets. Most prominent is an enormous gilded wreath. She crosses R.*

## LADY MARGARET.

I took my A  
Just the right way.  
It came so well,  
That trophies fell.  
They handed four  
Up from the floor.  
And this bunch—see—

(*tenderly kissing the tiny bunch*)  
The gallery.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE ATTENDANT.

A little touch  
Like that, does much.  
Excuse me, sir  
They're waiting there.

## THE VIOLINIST.

(desperately)

My turn? Oh may  
I when I play,  
Forget my grief  
And find relief.

*He goes out.*

*Lady Margaret takes up her coat and gathers it round her, luxuriously.*

## LADY MARGARET.

(with complacent surprise)

My voice was quite strong!

## THE ATTENDANT

(standing with one hand on the back of the chair, as if having his photograph taken).

No miss, there you're wrong.  
The truth I shall speak.  
It was wonderful weak.

## LADY MARGARET.

*her cloak half about her, turns her back on the audience to look at him,*

But those trophies prove

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

## THE ATTENDANT

How great is the love  
Of your doting Papa.  
From him they all are.

## LADY MARGARET.

Not this penny bunch.  
No, somebody's lunch  
Was bereft of a bun  
Or some milk—

## THE ATTENDANT

*grave and immovable.*

That someone  
Was put there by me  
With instructions to see  
The bunch hit you plumb  
When the encore should come.

*She drops bunch, and draws her coat about  
her, gazing at him in horror.*

## LADY MARGARET.

But what of the claps  
That burst from them?

## THE ATTENDANT

P'raps  
You did not remark  
How behind in the dark  
The program men stood.  
They did not intrude  
But regularly  
One, two, three, one two three.

(Claps methodically).

# *THE GILDED WREATH*

---

LADY MARGARET.

But my audience *came*.

THE ATTENDANT.

You invited the same  
To sup with Papa  
And well—there they are!

LADY MARGARET.

My success isn't true!

THE ATTENDANT.

I leave it to you.

LADY MARGARET

But the people *we* know  
Don't clap much, when they go—  
That is, when you've dined  
You are not inclined  
To exert yourself much—

THE ATTENDANT.

(*alarm*).

What's *that*?

LADY MARGARET.

I can't touch  
The hearts of my *friends*!

THE ATTENDANT.

(*hurrying to the door*).

If that don't make amends!  
He has waked up that crew  
Of deadheads. He's through.

# *THE GILDED WREATH*

---

LADY MARGARET.

Is that applause?

THE ATTENDANT.

Yes, ain't it warm.

It's roaring like a thunderstorm.

LADY MARGARET.

Dear me. Mine didn't sound like  
that.

I see now, mine was rather flat.

*She sinks into chair, looking straight before  
her, her hands behind her.*

Well, I brought him out. Although  
through a whim  
I have made his success!

THE ATTENDANT.

No miss. That's all him.

Money, and rank, and patron's  
powers

Can't make a true success, nor  
flowers.

*She huddles the cloak round her, with droop-  
ing head.*

I can't see his trophy.

LADY MARGARET.

(in a chokey tearful voice).

Look beneath

My flowers. Give him my gilded  
wreath.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

*The Violinist enters. She draws herself together, and rises bravely.*

LADY MARGARET.

Young friend, I am a foolish girl  
Who sought to leave the tedious  
whirl  
Of fashionable frivolity  
An artiste of renown to be.  
But now I shall seek other ways.  
Please will you teach me how to  
praise.

THE VIOLINIST.

But this is success!  
I have opened your eyes.

THE ATTENDANT.

Your wreath, sir, express  
As a little surprise.

THE VIOLINIST.

For me?

(he lays it in Margaret's hands).

Nay, for you  
Who have found out the truth.

LADY MARGARET.

Success crowneth ill  
The vainglory of youth.

*She turns with wreath to the Attendant*  
You have opened the pi-a-no  
And also my eyes.

# THE GILDED WREATH

---

Successful I? Ah, no,  
This wreath is your prize.

*She puts it over his head.*

THE ATTENDANT.

For me this golden whirligig?

LADY MARGARET.

(to Violinist).

Ah, your success is just as big!  
Concerts in future I'll attend.

To clap the playing of my friend!

(she takes his hand, he leads her Left).

THE VIOLINIST.

While I will to the world impart  
The music of a grateful heart!

LADY MARGARET

And you remain—no more—no less—  
The Piano Man who's won success!

(They go out together, so she speaks!)

THE ATTENDANT.

Oh wonderful youth!  
Successful, forsooth!  
Well, as you grow older  
You'll tire of the folder  
The photos, the poster;  
The fanciful boaster  
Paid handsome to see  
You get pub-li-ci-ty!  
And the fussing, the fretting,  
The mad money-getting,

# *THE GILDED WREATH*

---

The notice, the praise,  
The applause, the bouquets,  
Won't seem any more  
Than when I take the floor,  
And night after night  
See the very same sight,  
New artistes, new fame,  
Each one " Making a NAME "  
The while, in God's plan  
I remain piano man,  
Just opening the lid,

(*opens box*)

And shutting when bid,  
Handing the flowers

(*puts in his wreath*)

At all sorts of hours,  
And clearing the mess

(*box to shoulder*)

That comes with SUCCESS.

EXIT

CURTAIN.

### *A LITTLE BUSINESS NOTE.*

.....

All performances of this play are liable to a fee if any money or consideration is taken for admission, if tickets are sold, a collection made, or a hall or room or any place is hired for the purpose.

Also permission to play this must be obtained *in advance* from the author, who will grant it on receipt of a fee of ~~One Guinea~~ for each performance, or it can be performed for ~~15/-~~ by Village Institutes and Clubs.

Otherwise each person taking part, or causing the play to be performed, is subject to severe legal penalties.

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